



Mrs. Bellairs (to visitor). "SO SORRY, MY DEAR, I CAN'T ASK YOU TO STAY, BUT I HAVE PROMISED TO TAKE EVY FOR A DRIVE THIS AFTERNOON."

Visitor (pleasantly). "MY DEAR, I'M JUST OFF. I KNOW IT DOESN'T DO TO KEEP THE HORSES STANDING ABOUT."

Evy (small and irrepressible). "OH, MUMMY DEAR, I DO HOPE THE BUS WON'T BE CROWDED!"

CATCHWORDS FOR THE MILLION.

II.—"THE EQUAL RIGHTS OF MAN."

[In the following lines a further attempt is made to reproduce the unreasoning but unshakable attitude of the rustic maid in WORDSWORTH'S *We are Seven*.]

AN artless, dull, mechanic fool,
By Union catchwords caught—
Why should he want a better school
Of economic thought?

It was a gracious morn of Spring,
The hour was half-past six,
Some men were on a scaffolding
Engaged in laying bricks.

My fancies, soaring with the lark,
Recurred to common soil,
I felt I could not but remark
The dignity of Toil.

Anon I set this thought aside,
Observing one that cast
Reproaches on his mate and cried,
"Ere, stow it! not so fast!"

"Good friend," I said, in wonder lost,
"I am concerned to know
What is the cause why you accost
Yon earnest workman so?"

"If to be idle were a sin,
I naturally ask
Why you should want to check him in
The middle of his task?"

"Guv'nor," he said, "you take my
word,
It's time 'e 'ad a rest;
It ain't no manners in a bird
To queer his neighbour's nest.

"If 'e don't mend 'e 'll 'ave to quit;
I know 'is nawsty tricks;
'E works too rapid; 'e 's a bit
Too 'andy with 'is bricks!"

"Take it from me, that's why I'm put
To check 'is little plan,
An' stop 'im tramlin' under foot
THE EQUAL RIGHTS O' MAN!"

"If in the act of laying bricks
He tastes a human joy,
Would you propose," I said, "to fix
A term to that employ?"

"Read what the Union bosses say!"
That guileless swain replied;
"They lets us lay so much a day,
And not a brick beside.

"'E'd like to knock the stiffuns out,
By layin' all he can;
I tell him straight, 'Ere, 'ow-about
THE EQUAL RIGHTS O' MAN?"

"Your case," I cried, "betrays a flaw;
The souls of men are free;
You seem to overlook the law
Of manhood's liberty.

"On Competition's eager head
You place a tyrant's ban."
"That's 'ow our motto runs," he
said—
"THE EQUAL RIGHTS O' MAN!"

"But you ignore," I answer made,
"You place upon the shelf
The promise of celestial aid
To him that helps himself.

"Each should improve what hours he
may
Within his mortal span."
Vain words! he still would have his
way;—

"That's what the Union bosses say—
'THE EQUAL RIGHTS O' MAN!'"

O. S.

AN ADIEU.

Little boy blue with no cap to your head,
Whom these three centuries Londoners knew,
London's farewell to you now has been said—
Little boy blue!

Fancy would wistfully pass in review
All your old schoolfellows, Londoners bred—
LAMB, HUNT, and COLERIDGE, once children like you.
London goes on with monotonous tread
Over its pavements of gloomiest hue,
Looking yet dingier since you have fled—
Little boy blue.

"SANCTA SIMPLICITAS!"

(At the Criterion Theatre.)

"I'm a 'young girl from the country,'
But you can't get over me!"—Old Song.

At the commencement of last week, clever Miss ANNIE HUGHES and capital company transferred themselves in two pieces (though the company is not broken up) from the Prince of Wales's to the Criterion, where the success already achieved will, I should be inclined to say, be not only continued but considerably increased.

A *Bit of Old Chelsea* is, I believe, by this time as established a favourite with the public as is Miss ANNIE HUGHES herself, whose rendering of "*Saucers*," a street flower-girl, has won for Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER's little one-act piece such a genuine success as is not very often achieved by curtain-raisers of even greater pretensions.

Miss HUGHES is ably seconded by Mr. MALCOLM DUNN as Jack Hillier, the good-natured, rather unprincipled artist, and Mr. HUBERT WALDRON, as the lark and not too sober art student, his fellow-lodger, Phil McDonnell. This piece, preceding Mr. ARTHUR LAW's farcical comedy, entitled *A Country Mouse*, is admirably placed, as it brings into strong contrast the two very different parts played by Miss HUGHES on the same evening; the one being the sketch of a certain type of the uneducated, outspoken, and honest London gutter-girl, about nineteen years old, and the other the finished impersonation of a sufficiently well-educated, dissembling and sharp young lady, of about the same age as the aforesaid gutter-girl, and who, bred in a provincial town, on arriving as a stranger in London, knows her way about as thoroughly as the most experienced, most desperate flirt, or the wildest aspirant for the honours of the Divorce Court. *Angela Muir*, as the "country girl" is named, is an English specimen of *Mademoiselle Sainte Nitouche*, so well known on the French stage.

The last act of the piece, with its doors and cupboards, where all the parties in difficulties have, in the ordinary course of business, to conceal themselves, certainly suggests reminiscences of a number of other farces, past and present, to whose success the rabbit-warren of ingeniously-contrived exits and entrances was as absolutely essential as is the screen to the classic situation in *The School for Scandal*. Admitted that after two such well-conceived and excellently written acts as are the first two of *A Country Mouse*, there was a certain very evident risk in placing all these comedy characters in absurdly farcical situations, yet Mr. LAW has come out of the self-imposed difficulty with flying colours. The first two acts are comedy, the third is farce. That he has been exceptionally fortunate in his cast he himself would be the very first to admit. Miss ANNIE HUGHES, as the sly little hypocritical "girl from the country," is simply perfection.

After the cleverly written and capitally acted scene in the second act between demure *Angela* and the dashing *Lady*

Sylvia (Miss GRANVILLE), when "*Sancta Simplicitas*" is left the victor on the field, the sly drollery of *Angela's* utterance, as she leans on her croquet-mallet and purrs out, just so audibly as to be particularly confidential, the words, "How she gave herself away!" is inimitable; it is true comedy. Needless to say that this "curtain" brings down the house, and that all who have taken part in the act share in the thoroughly well-deserved honours of several hearty recalls.

There is not a single (or married) really moral person in the piece, with the exception of *Jephcoth* the old butler, a character played with great tact by Mr. FREDERICK VOLPE, as even the long-suffering husband, Mr. John Boulby, M.P. (forcibly played by Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE), has brought his fate on his own head by his *mariage de convenance* with the Duke's daughter; and he himself, when alone with "the Mouse," gives certain indications, artistically conveyed by the actor to the audience, of being inclined to take rather more than either a fatherly or even elder-brotherly interest in the wicked little flirt, who, of course, when married, will command a superior hand in trumps to that held by *Becky Sharp*, and play them far better.

The naughty old *Duke of St. Kitts*, an utterly unprincipled old "rake," is most amusingly played by Mr. C. W. SOMERSET, while Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD gives us one of his perfect portraits of a society masquerader, Lord Robert Wyckham, who in a Shakspearian cast would be described as "a foolish lord," and who, like a certain character in a German comedy (the resemblance is the merest chance), never makes love to any but a married woman, but is trapped into marriage by *Violet Aynsley* (played in her most fascinating manner by Miss VANE FEATHERSTON), a young lady only one degree less immoral than any of the other characters in the play, on account of her being, presumably, a spinster.

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, as the Hon. Archibald Vyse, whose immorality is intensified by his quiet gentlemanly demeanour, gives us a type of modern man of the world as new to the stage as it is absolutely true to its model in society. The Hon. Archie is not worse than the others; in fact, as he really means marriage when he falls in (what he considers) love with the "Country Mouse," and as he, for the moment, seriously intends reformation, he is so far better than that ancient *roué*, the *Duke of St. Kitts*, who only offers his hand to *Angela* when that hand has been forced by the "Mouse's" latest and most artful escapade. Archie Vyse is the victim, and at the finish he is left in precisely the same position with regard to his *liaison* with *Lady Boulby* as he was at the beginning of the story. There is something pathetic in Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER's attitude, as he turns away from *Lady Boulby* and that entanglement, and regards the future gay young Duchess of St. Kitts in the arms of his victorious rival, the old Duke, for whom he already begins to feel a certain affection engendered of supremest pity.

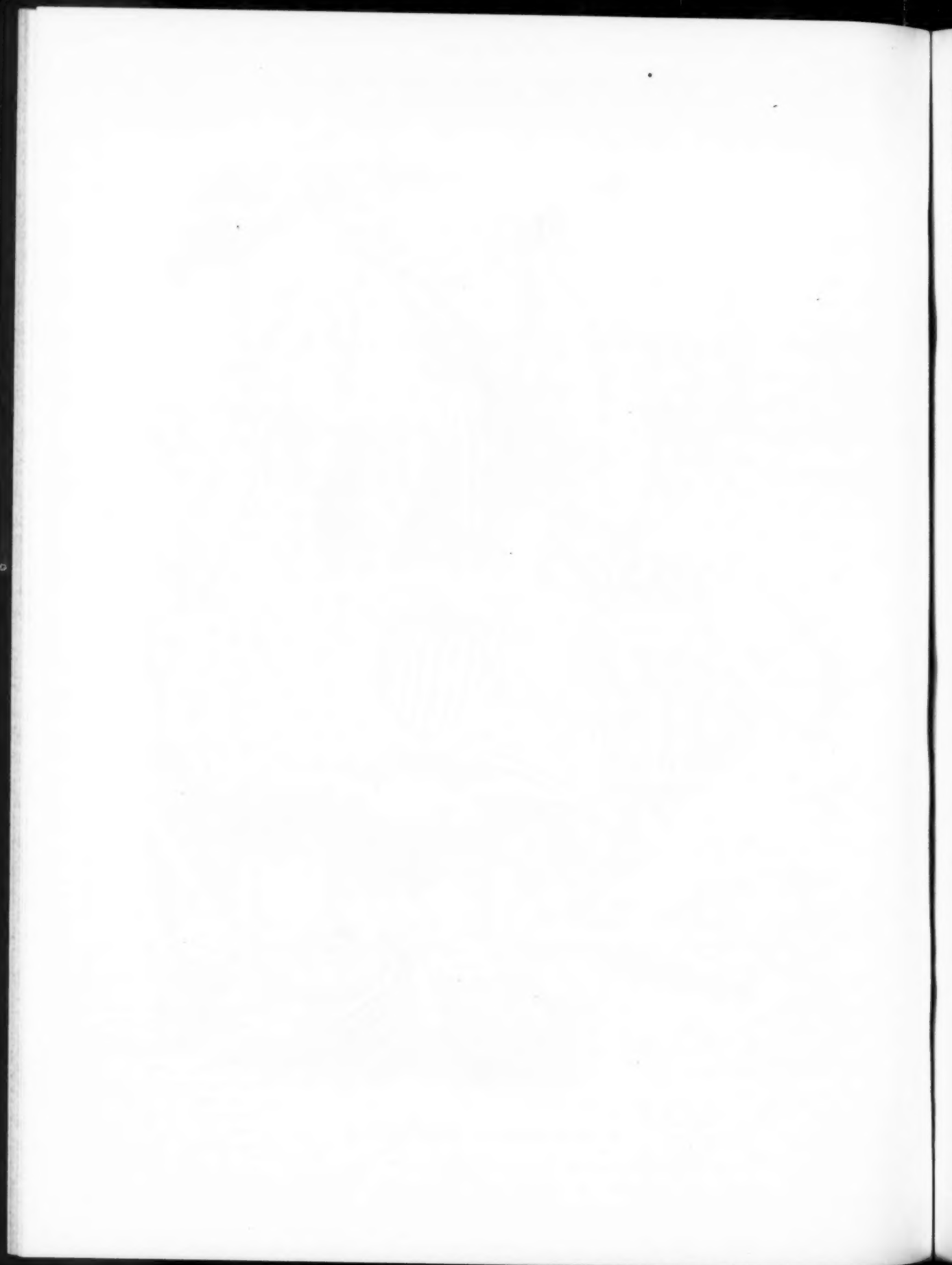
So the curtain descends, and the audience are not only as satisfied as were the immortal twin brethren, *Box and Cox*, but they are enthusiastic in their demonstrations of delight. There's good omen in the name of "LAW," for certainly the author himself, with Mr. FRANK CURZON, whose "season" it is, and Miss ANNIE HUGHES & Co., will find in the run of this piece how highly remunerative is the combination of "the Law and the Profits." At least, such is the opinion of
A TOWN MOUSE.

PROFESSIONAL AND PECULIAR.—Two brothers in the journalistic line, not quite the first line, invariably combined their talents in making up paragraphs for newspapers. They were known as "*Par nobile fratrum*." When subsequently their dealings were regarded with some little suspicion, the quotation was altered to "*Par nobile-ly fratrum*."



A MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.

THE LATEST AMERICAN DO(D)GE WEDS THE ATLANTIC WITH A 'RING.'





Farmer (in cart). "HI, STOP! STOP, YOU FOOL! DON'T YOU SEE MY HORSE IS RUNNING AWAY?"
Driver of Motor-car (hired by the hour). "YES, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO SAY 'STOP' BUT I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW THE BLOOMING THING WORKS!"

THE LAY OF THE LINERS.

[MR. PIERPONT MORGAN is the syndicate manager of the new Atlantic shipping trust, which includes several of the great British steamship lines. American interests are to control the combination. Mr. ROCKEFELLER and the other "Standard Oil" magnates are underwriting the capital.]

YE mariners of England,
Give up your native seas!
Your flag has braved too many years
The battle and the breeze.
The glorious Standard Oil Combine
And MORGAN run the show,
And they'll sweep clean the deep
Where the stormy winds do blow—
Where the liners whistle loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.
Columbia heeds no landmarks;
No Powers their own can keep;
She marches in with flag a-wave,
And buys the country cheap.
The fortunes of her millionaires
To sums colossal grow,
But they roar still for more
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the liners whistle loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.
And PIERPONT now is planning
His next terrific boom,

And Britons troubled nights will pass
Till they learn their latest doom.
Meanwhile, ye ocean greyhounds,
The dividends shall flow
To the bank of the Yank
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the liners whistle loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

OUR "APPALLING DANGER!"

(A Breakfast-table Dialogue.)

Mr. Blewphunke (reading medical paper). Good heavens! MARIA, you don't know what an awful risk we're running in London!

Mrs. B. No! what? You frighten me! Are we going to fall through into those tubes? Is anybody going to dynamite us?

Mr. B. No—far worse than that! In fact, I hardly dare to tell you!

Mrs. B. Be—be brave, HENRY! We are insured against falling brickbats and runaway steam-rollers and frostbite and everything else, aren't we?

Mr. B. Yes, my love; but I didn't foresee this! Here's the *Lancet* says there is an appalling danger in having our letters laid on the breakfast-table, for somebody has licked the fold of the envelope and the gum side of the stamp,

and there may have been microbes on his tongue. Or the postman's hands may not be bacteriologically clean, and he has perhaps let the letters drop in the microbic dust and mud in the streets. . . .

Mrs. B. What are we to do? And you've just opened one. How wickedly careless of you! Burn it at once, and that one, too—it looks like a bill!

Mr. B. My dear, we must leave London. The place is not safe, with twelve posts a day. The wonder is that we have managed to live so long. However, we mustn't stay an hour later!

Mrs. B. Where shall we go to escape this horrible post? Get Bradshaw, quick, HENRY, on your life!

Mr. B. No, Bradshaw is bacteriologically unsafe—it was bought off a railway stall; think of all the excursionists that have passed in front of it. . . .

Mrs. B. Then we must go by boat, as the trains aren't safe.

Mr. B. I have it! We'll go to St. Kilda. There's no post there at all for eight months in the year. That will be the place where we can give our nerves a rest from the *Lancet*, too! I could not stand many more such shocks. Let us go and get disinfected at once!

[Exeunt into voluntary quarantine.]

BACK AGAIN!

It's back again and home again to hear the thrushes sing,
To feel upon my face once more the breathing of the Spring—
The fresh and gentle English breeze that stirs a wild desire
And makes the step as light as air and sets the heart afire.

It's back again and home again! and never have I seen
The hedgerows starting into life with brighter bursts of
green;

A dead and joyless sight they were when April had begun,
But now they seem to sing with life beneath the kindly sun.

"Make haste, ye trees," the blackbird calls, "your shining
white to don;

The cherry-tree is ready robed, her bridal dress is on;"
And out the modest blossoms peep, then flash into the light,
And every blazing fruit-tree bears its coronal of white.

Let others praise their foreign skies and all the claims
advance

Of sun-steeped fields in Italy and vine-clad slopes in France;
And let them sing the land of Spain and all that makes it
fair—

One dewy patch of English lawn is worth a province there.

One velvet patch of English lawn, and on it running free
The little fair-haired short-frocked maid who's all the world
to me.

Her hair outshines Italian suns, and all the flowers that
grace

The meads of France must fail to match the roses in her
face.

So it's back again and home again! and when the evening
comes

We sit and hear the clash of swords, the rolling of the
drums—

(It's all a story old as old), and, lo, the trumpets call,
And twenty thousand mail-clad men come spurring through
the hall.

And maidens to the book-shelf bound (it serves in place of
tree)

Await the young, the gallant knight who rides to set them
free;

And giants in the corners lurk—beware! my dear, beware!—
And little flitting fairy shapes play sentry on the stair.

"Goodnight, God bless you, Daddy," and so it's off to bed,
And soon upon the pillow shines the curly little head,
Ye trickay fairies, kind and gay, wing hither swift your
flight,

Oh, keep your watch about her cot and guard her through
the night!

R. C. L.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"PEOPLE who met BLACK in casual acquaintanceship were puzzled when they recalled the author of *Madcap Violet* as he appeared to them—shy, silent, reserved, intensely matter-of-fact, only moved to animation as it seemed by the talk of salmon fishers or connoisseurs of cigars, or perhaps, if the moment were propitious, of art critics. They wondered how such a man could have written such a book. They did not understand that the writer was the real BLACK, the other only the commonplace mask behind which the true man was hidden." Here we have the keynote of Sir WEMYSS REID's story of the life of *William Black, Novelist* (CASSELL). The biographer has not been overcome with wealth of material. After all, BLACK led an uneventful life, apparently not illumined by

distinctive correspondence, contributed whether by himself or others. Sir WEMYSS forthwith puts his finger on the meaning and mystery of his real life. At heart a Highlander, within a limited circle of family and friends occasionally boisterous in his fun, he appeared in some dining-rooms and in any drawing-room a reserved, uncommunicative Lowlander, appropriately born in Glasgow. My Baronite knew WILLIAM BLACK in the outer world of office and social life, and in his den overlooking the Thames at the bottom of Buckingham Street, a house in which CHARLES DICKENS once lived, rooms in which *David Copperfield* visited his friend *Steerforth*. With that knowledge he recognises in the work of Sir WEMYSS a true picture, tenderly drawn, of a great man of letters, one who, under a cold exterior, awkwardly hid a warm heart and a mind sunlit with delicate fancy.

Of Sir HENRY THOMPSON'S invaluable work on *Food and Feeding*, which has passed through so many editions, the Baron, as representing innumerable students who have vastly benefited by Sir HENRY'S labour of love for his fellow creatures, has had on more than one occasion to speak in terms of the very strongest commendation. It remains a standard work, nay the standard work for the guidance of all who, loving life, would see good days, and experience likewise tranquil nights with refreshing slumbers. In that work it was taken for granted that its thoughtful readers would carefully consider the hygienic question of bodily exercise, and thus it happened that, though the necessity for exercise was insisted upon, yet to it allusion was made only incidentally. Then Sir HENRY wrote as the experienced instructor of dinner-givers, dinner-eaters, and diner-outers; now he gives us the benefit of his new experiences as Pro-motor of the Motors, that is, in his present work, the author considers the practical use and value of the motor-car as contributing to the health and happiness of mankind in general, more particularly of that section of it possessed of sufficient wealth to look upon the cost and keep of a motor-car and motor-carman as permissible luxuries. Sir HENRY does not at once reject a novelty simply because it is "new-fangled." He tests an invention, hears pros and cons, puts the matter to the proof, and then gives to the world the result, favourable or not, of his personal experience. By doing this he hopes that the happiness of the majority will be increased. It is never too late to experimentalise if there be a fair chance of the end justifying the means. And so, in the spirit of the eminent ancient philosopher who at eighty began learning to play the fiddle, Sir HENRY writes:—

"I had passed my eightieth year before I gained my first experience of a motor-car drive, and trust, although a late beginner, I may yet live a year or two longer to enjoy the same pleasure and profit as I have already derived from the practice."

"*Ad multos annos!*" quoth the Baron, quaffing to Sir HENRY. Then he gives us a history of motoring from 1824 up to the present day. He lures us with charming descriptions of the pleasantest trips to be taken by the Londoner to whom dinner-time is an object. *On revient toujours à nos premiers amours*. Be it observed, too, that Sir HENRY is a public benefactor, not only by giving "skeleton routes" (this sounds like bone-shaking, but it isn't), which, if followed, will take all motor-carists out of town, from London to Manchester, Worthing, Ramsgate, Hastings, St. Leonards and Folkestone, to Doncaster, Wolverhampton, and as far north as Edinburgh, but, in no single instance, does he even so much as suggest the idea of their coming back again! London is the starting-point, all the other places are bournes whence no motor-carist returns. Ah! *motor-caro mio!* are there not a few whom some of us would speed on their way with a hearty "*bon voyage*"? Sir HENRY gives his followers a line of route, gives them, in fact, as much line as is good for them, leaving the most crowded thoroughfares to be occupied by buses, cabs,

equestrians, pedestrians, and private carriages. Let the "scorchers" (may donkey-engines dance on their great-grandmothers' graves!) take the routes indicated to the motor-carists, and "never come back no more, boys!" Sir HENRY's recipe for cooking the goose of a too officious policeman is excellent: the sauce, to which the magistrate is to be treated, is appetising. Altogether, this is a work most useful to practical motor-carists. It is to be regretted that it was not illustrated by some motor-car-icaturist; but, despite this, to all whom Providence has blessed with a sense of humour it is delightful reading. It is published by FREDERICK WARNE & Co. (London and New York), and is modestly entitled, *The Motor Car; An Elementary Handbook on its Use and Management*, by Sir Henry Thompson, Bart., F.R.C.S., M.B., &c.

For a King's Counsel Mr. BODKIN shows himself in *Shillelagh and Shamrock* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) reprehensively sympathetic with lawlessness. My Baronite is unfamiliar with the learned gentleman's daily career at the Irish Bar, but he imagines he does not habitually hold a brief for the Crown. This leaves him a freer hand to deal with the characters of his lively stories, the point in nearly all cases turning upon a breach of the law, in which a broth of a boy, occasionally assisted by a pretty colleen, gets the better of the landlord, the constabulary, or "the removable." Mr. BODKIN has tapped again the hogshead (about the size of the island) of Irish fun, first sampled for the Saxon by LOVER and LEVER. It proves to be as fresh and as stimulating as ever. The K.C. is not only fortunate in inventing (or discovering) his stories. He tells them admirably.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

[An exhibition of black-and-white drawings by Mr. Punch's leading artists will be opened at the Woodbury Gallery, 37, New Bond Street, on May 5th. The whole of the proceeds derived from the charge for admission will be given to the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.]

GENTLES, who have never guessed
How the Wonders of the Age
Look before you see them dressed
Out in print on *Punch's* page,
Ranged in one convenient place
You shall see your favourite brands
In their native pristine grace,
As they left the Masters' hands.
Woodbury Gallery, 5th of May;
Note the scene and opening date;
Also note that what you pay
(Quite a trifle) at the gate
Goes to soothe the children's lot,
Goes to help them bear their pain,
In the Home where *Punch's* cot
Takes and makes them well again.



She (to Raphael Greene, who paints gems for the R.A. that are never accepted). "I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE HUNG THIS YEAR. I'M SURE YOU DESERVE TO BE!"

A CELTIC PRESERVE.

You tell me that the poet's fame
We Saxons cannot hope to capture;
For Celts alone you coolly claim
A "corner" in poetic rapture;
They roam through dazzling realms of
gold
In prosperous quest of fairy glamour;
And while they speak out "loud and
bold"
The duller Saxon can but stammer.

'Tis yours to prove the Muses ought
In an un-Celtic land to lack sons;
That SHELLEY, KEATS and BROWNING
wrought
In vain, for they, alas! were
Saxons;

To prove that poets only dwell
Among the favoured Celtic nations—
(Though SHAKESPEARE managed pretty well,
Despite his racial limitations!)
But he was Celtic by descent,
And all his song was atavistic;
How else—so runs your argument—
Could he have left us half a distich?
Such special pleading leaves me mute,
I have no further breath to wrangle;
So have your way;—the Celt's "acute,"
The Saxon but an "obtuse" Angle!

The Pace that Kills.

HAVE a care how you speed!
Take the motorist's case:—
On his tomb you can read,
"Requiescat in pace."

LOOKING FORWARD.

["In the election of a student to a scholarship regard shall be had to (i.) his literary and scholastic attainments; (ii.) his fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football, and the like; (iii.) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for the protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness and fellowship, and (iv.) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates."—*Mr. Rhodes's Will.*]

SCENE—*Oxford: The Schools.* The "Responsions" List has just been published.

Chorus of Colonial Scholars.

Ploughed again! Unhappy mortals,
How misfortune on us falls!
Every time we cross these portals
We are ploughed again in Smalls.

Once and twice and thrice and four times
Yearly do we seek these halls.
Deary me! How many more times
Are we doomed to fail in Smalls?

Enter Proctor.

Proc. What is that air of melancholy dole
That breathes despairing sorrow's very soul,
So that my stern proctorial heart acknowledges
The pathos of it? Sirs, your name and colleges!

Cho. All colonial scholars we,
Hasting over land and sea
From the Empire's ends to be
Alma Mater's scholars;
From the khaki veld we come,
From Canadian winters some,
From the isles of cane and rum,
From the land of dollars.

We are here to taste the store—
Culture, wisdom, wit and lore—
Garnered from the days of yore
In these classic halls, Sir;
But our pilgrimage is vain,
Though we toil with weary brain,
We are always ploughed again
When we sit for Smalls, Sir.

Proc. Strange is the tale you tell, upon my conscience!
Scholars, and yet you cannot pass Responsions?
Tell me, you stalwart giant with the torso
Of Hercules,—you Samson, only more so,
How came you here?

First Colonial Scholar. I only had to strip:
My muscles won for me my scholarship.
'Tis my delight from morn to night
To spar and fence, to box and fight,
I'm a Rugger blue, and it's quite, quite true
That the Cantabs flee when I come in view.
So I scored full marks for height and girth,
And cent. per cent. my arm was worth,
And none could vie with this matchless thigh,
For I am the strongest man on earth.

Proc. I quite believe it. Muscles so divine
I never saw. Now you, Sirs—what's your line?

Second Col. Sch.

A WASHINGTON I, with a soul too high
To condescend to the whitest lie;
A hero near to the future peer
Who said, "Pray, Grandmamma, what is fear?"
So I scored full marks for courage and truth,
Good nature, kindliness, friendship, ruth;
I was easily best in the purity test,
For I am a model of manly youth.

Third Col. Sch.

When I was at school I was doubtless a fool
At learning a verb or a grammar rule,
But although not bred with a bookish head,
Wherever I went, I always led.
So I scored the maximum marks, of course,
In leading instinct; without recourse
To sordid cram, I cleared the exam.,
For I am a tower of moral force.

Proc. Extraordinary! This is some wild dream,
Some horrid nightmare! You, the Empire's cream,
Come here to fail in *Euclid I. and II.*,
Cæsar and *Xenophon*?

First Col. Sch. Alas, too true.

Proc. I have listened with emotion
To the painful case you state,
For I never had a notion
Oxford was so out of date;
Never dreamt that we neglected
All that ought to be respected.

But, ye noble martyrs, weep not,
Neither let the tear down fall;
I am roused and I shall sleep not
Till we change the statutes all.
Lo! a mist before my eyes is!
Oxford of the future rises.

You shall seek no more the crammer,
Grinding up, to please the dons,
Odds and ends of Latin grammar
Or the *asinorum pons*.
Cæsar shall no longer hurt you;
You shall pass in manly virtue.

'Twixt the goals and at the wicket
Ye shall live athletic lives,
Taking double firsts in cricket,
Football, rowing, golf and fives;
Winning fellowships in coxing,
Chairs and tutorships in boxing.

When for manliness the Craven
Is awarded; when my eyes
See the muscular and brave 'un
Carry off the Ireland prize,
Then at length shall Oxford Greats men
Really be Imperial statesmen.

THE HAPPY DESPATCHCOCK.

To write a good despatch, the Duke of WELLINGTON once remarked, is a harder thing than to gain a victory.

The following examples will be of service to generals in their next campaign. In composing them, we have been careful to imitate the polished English, the lucid style, and the distinguished courtesy of the best recent models.

1. *General A. (in command) to General B.*—"There seems approximate reason for supposing that a certain force of the enemy, composed of, according to reports of native runners, whose stories are not trustworthy, five hundred, or, it may be, fifteen thousand men, are, or have been at a time comparatively recent, in the neighbourhood of one of the hills on your right rear flank. I propose to consider the situation thus outlined for the next few days, and in the event of your coinciding with the view here indicated you will remain in your present position by 2.33 this afternoon, while proceeding to develop a frontal attack by rear sub-sections, enfilading the entire force opposed to you within thirty miles, detaching the whole of your main force

from its outposts for this purpose. But should you think otherwise, you will act differently. Be good enough therefore to abandon your baggage, and to carry out the precise instructions here given without a moment's delay."

2. General B. to General A. (by heliogram, the operator being under the influence of sunstroke).—"Instructions carried to credit account no discount for cash am just moving await orders no reinforcements wanted all is lost."

3. General A. to General B.—"Message ambiguous. In continuance of former despatch, delay movement until guns have come, if there are any guns. Consult Colonel C. as to this. Why have you not moved?"

4. General B. to Colonel C.—"Have you any news of guns? Position very grave. In my opinion caution essential, and two cavalry squadrons should be sent somewhere, or, if not, elsewhere. Supposing double entrenched force surprises advance body, can you throw out wings of Army Service Corps to immediate rear of position which other troops would pass on right towards north-west? Reply at once to the chief."

5. General B. to General A.—"Seventeen unarmed infantry despatched to seize enemy's position. Colonel C. suggests this, and I concur. Fear retreat necessary. Advise at once on this."

6. Fragment of General A.'s despatch to War Office.—"...one of the most magnificent achievements in the annals of the British Army, terminating in a regrettable incident which led to our retreat. But we have lost no more than a thousand men, and our success was notable indeed. (P.S.—Not necessarily for publication.) Of all the incompetent and imbecile bunglers, General B. and Colonel C. are the worst. I can never employ either of them again."

From General B.'s ditto.—"A fine chance absolutely wasted by Colonel C.'s idiotic misunderstanding of plain instructions."

Colonel C. will doubtless send home a few remarks on the strategy of Generals A. and B., but the War Office will probably think that the publication of these "would serve no useful purpose."

BY THE RIVER DOTTY.

[There was no true angler and thorough sportsman who was not a little "gone."—The Vice-President of the Piscatorial Society.]

As I wandered by the side of that good trout-stream, the Dotty, I came upon a gentleman sitting on the bank with his rod beside him, looking worried.

"You are in trouble?" I asked.



THE HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE SEASON.

The Joys of a Gentleman Rider.

Voice from the Crowd. "NOW, THEN, GUV'NOR, TAKE CARE YOU DON'T GET SUNBURST!"

"Yes," he said, "I can't fasten myself on."

"Fasten yourself on!" I repeated in surprise.

"Onto the cast," he explained; "and there's a splendid trout feeding under that willow. It is a nuisance."

"Why should you want to fasten yourself on?" I asked. "Wouldn't a fly be better?"

"I am a fly," he announced, "a red spinner. I am very good for catching trout." A new idea struck him. "Will you fasten me on?"

"All right," I said, "where shall I fasten you?"

"By my bootlace, please," he answered.

So I tied the cast securely to his bootlace.

He thanked me profusely; and then a new problem arose.

"Oh, bother," he said, "I can't throw myself."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I should flick myself off," he said

regretfully. Then his face brightened. "You throw me," he suggested.

"I never did such a thing in my life," I assured him. "Why not swim out to the trout? I'll hold the rod."

"Swim!" he exclaimed in horror, "I am a dry fly."

"I don't know what to suggest, then," I said.

Fortunately at this moment a tall figure appeared in the distance coming towards us.

"Ah, that's all right," said my companion, "he'll throw me."

"Will he?" I replied in some mystification.

"Yes," he continued, "he thinks he's a flyrod. He isn't really, you know, but that doesn't matter, he will be only too glad to throw me."

At this point I thought it wise to depart lest someone should arrive who imagined himself to be a gaff, so I wished him "good-day," and hurried off in the opposite direction.



Our Spring Poet (seeking a little inspiration from Nature). "MARK THE GLOW IN THE SKY! THE DARK SOMBRE HUE OF THE FIELDS! AND THERE THE BOWER SLOWLY WALKING, WALKING, SCATTERING THE GOOD SEEDS UPON THE BOSOM OF MOTHER EARTH! IT'S GRAND! IT'S MAGNIFICENT!" (A whiff of air is blown to him from the fields.) "HEH!—UGH!—ACH! IT'S NOT SEEDS—IT'S GUANO! BUT IT'S FINE—UGH!—ALL THE SAME!" [Beats a hasty retreat.]

"CORONETS TO ORDER."

To a shop in Piccadilly enter Poppa, Momma, and the Only Daughter.

Poppa. Say, that sign in your store window, "Coronets to order." Think we'd like some fixed up, now, before the rush. Guess you can put the tape round right here?

Shopman (puzzled, but remembering the West End tradesman's tradition of courtesy). Well—er—yes, that is to say—what rank—my—my lord?

[Gobbles the last word in case the customer chances to be a duke who has spent three months in California.]

Poppa. Ra-ank? (Whispers to Momma.) Waal, what ra-anks d'ye stock?

Shopman. Well—(thinks for a second and then risks disgrace)—Sir, we supply, of course, to all grades of the nobility. Dukes, Marquises, Viscounts, and—

Poppa (turning quickly). Duke! Duke,

that's it, that'll fit me. Say, Momma, what've you chosen? Better have a Countess. You'd look real el'gant in a Countess coronet.

Momma. What'll it figure at, JAKE?

Poppa. Oh, seat to the figure! We're going to see the thing through now we're out, anyway. Now, AURELIA, slide out your fancy.

Only Daughter (immensely interested). Oh, Pop, a Marchioness for me, I guess.

Poppa (benevolently). Now we're fixed. One Duke, one Marchioness, and one Countess. Say, Mister, just see if our heads'll fit.

[Whips off his hat and motions to the women to unfix theirs.]

Shopman (with great deference). Certainly, Sir. Might I enquire if you have secured your tickets for the ceremony in the Abbey? I understand there will be a great demand and—

Poppa (confidently). Tickets? Oh,

don't you worry about them. We'll get right there. Now, just you fix us up these coronets, and I'll do the paying. Now, Momma and AURELIA—

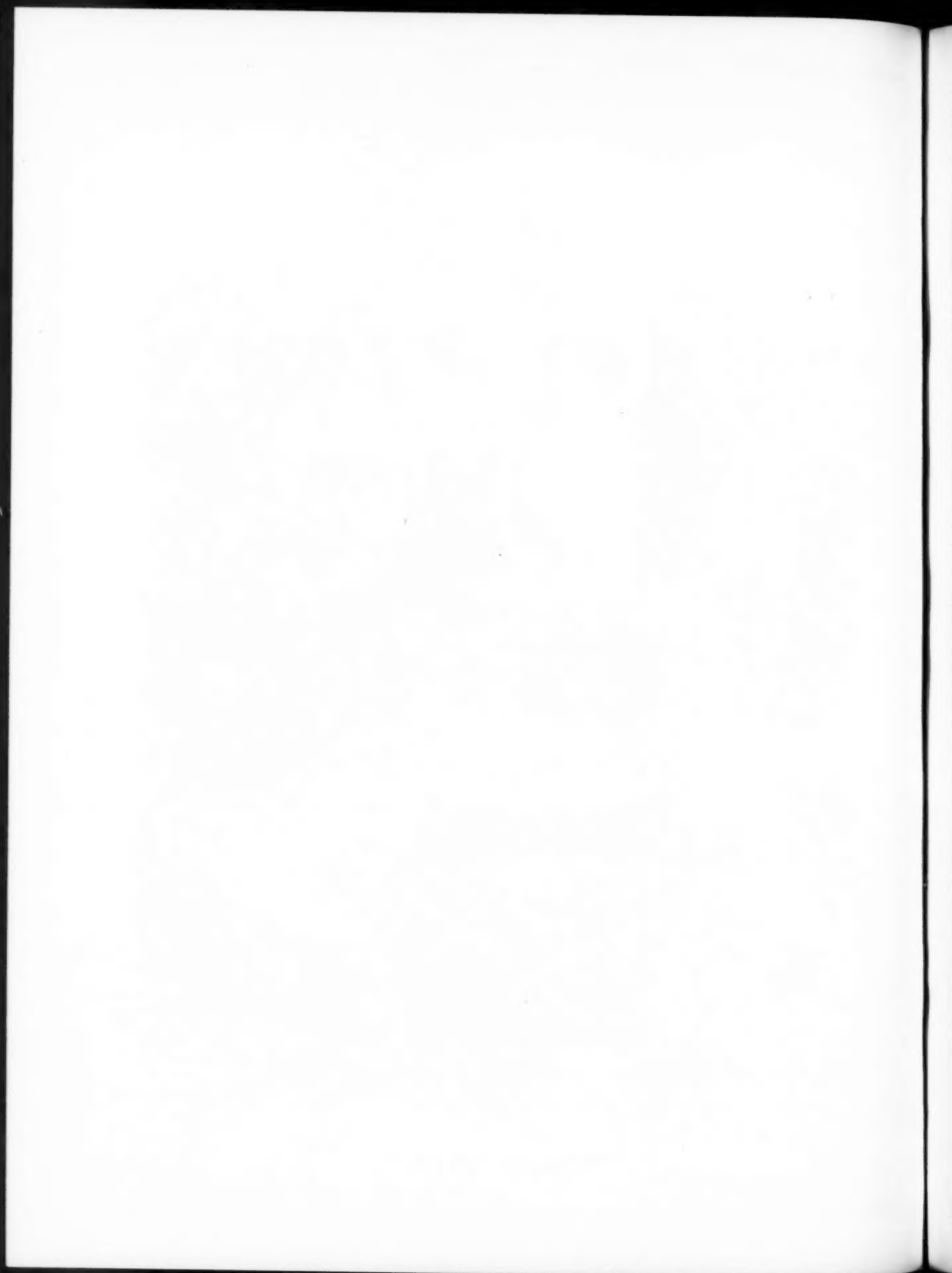
Shopman. Of course, if you wish it, Sir, but if I might be allowed to suggest—

Poppa (rising, and speaking with a splutter). See here, young man, am I out to buy coronets or your notions? Tell you what, send me up two of each,—JAKE P. HUNTINGTON (gives card of address)—and if they ain't on time you'll hear from me. And don't you worry about no measurement. I'll just take what you've got. And if we can't wear the darned things here, we'll wear 'em at home. And say, young man, express them crowns to me to-night, and I'll pay spot cash on delivery. Good afternoon!

[Collects Momma and AURELIA, and exits with democratic dignity.]



WHICH WINS?



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, April 21.—“The right hon. gentleman,” said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, leaning persuasively across the Table, gazing on stricken figure of ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS (including

Pip whilst yet a boy, inmate of the home of his sister Mrs. Gargery. Pip relates how Mr. Pumblechook would “drag me up from my stool (usually by the collar) where I was quiet in a corner, and, putting me before the fire as if I were going to be cooked, would begin by saying, ‘Now, Mum, here is this

ing to dreary drip of deprecation, unvaried by word of approval. For a while, taking a blotting-pad on his knees, he made believe to be engaged in private correspondence. A poor pretence, designed to hide a seared heart. A flush of hope mantled his brow when FABER got up to make maiden speech. Mr. ALFRED PICKWICK DAVIES, who had rather a ruffled time with Chairman of Ways and Means, loudly cheered. Somehow got it into his head that FABER was the man who wrote the hymns; not sure whether it was Hymns Ancient or Modern; certainly one of the twain. Delusion strengthened by FABER producing what looked like a pocket hymn-book, but was in fact the notes for his maiden speech.

Mr. PICKWICK moved uneasily in his seat, furtively cocking his coat-tail. If the Chairman had been in more amicable mood he would like to have risen, and, turning friendly countenance on the newcomer, remarked, “Will the hon. Member for the Andover Division of Hants kindly oblige by giving us at this stage, the Budget being completed, a verse from ‘Now the labourer’s task is o’er,’ and will he kindly pronounce the words distinctly?”

But the Chairman was in hopeless mood. In spite of Mr. PICKWICK’S winning way, he had declined to let him discuss the salary of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; had refused to hear him on military expenditure; and, when he



SW-FT M-CN-LL GIVING H-CKS B-CH A “BIT OF HIS MIND.”

an extra penny on cheques), “will by this time perceive he has not introduced a popular Budget.”

Personal relations between these eminent statesmen is peculiar and pleasant. Political opponents, successors to each other at the Treasury, one going in when the other is turned out, they ever retain a mutual, admiring regard. The SQUIRE, ten years senior in age, though ST. MICHAEL is in Parliamentary position four years older, inclined to treat his right hon. friend after the manner of an elder brother suspicious that his junior is disposed to stay out a little late at nights, to smoke stronger things than bits of cane, unduly to indulge in habit, publicly confessed, of taking more shandy-gaff than is desirable for one of his years.

The MEMBER FOR SARK, whose fancies are acute, often far-fetched, discovers in the SQUIRE’S bearing towards ST. MICHAEL reminiscence of *Uncle Pumblechook’s* moral attitude towards

boy! Here is this boy which you brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be for ever grateful unto them which so did do. Now, Mum, with respectations to this boy.’ And then he would rumple my hair the wrong way.”

Of course nothing of this kind takes place, though possibly there is in the SQUIRE’S attitude towards ST. MICHAEL suspicion of desire to assert that he really *did* do something in the direction of what may be described as “bringing him up by hand” to the distinguished position he now occupies among financiers. ST. MICHAEL strengthens the illusion by losing no opportunity of paying homage to the master hand that devised the Death Duties. Only to-night he declares that source of revenue to be the sheet anchor of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

The SQUIRE quite right about unpopularity of Budget. Through seven hours ST. MICHAEL sat listen-



“A Constitutional Party.”

proposed to discuss the COLONIAL SECRETARY with son AUSTEN, recalled him to the proposal before the House, which was the addition of a penny to the income-tax.

Mr. PICKWICK accordingly kept his seat whilst BECKETT FABER, in brief, simply-phrased, weighty speech, discovered to the pleased House a new Member who knows what he is talking about, and sits down as soon as he has delivered his message. It brought no comfort to ST. MICHAEL, for this practical Yorkshire banker riddled the proposal to double the stamp on cheques.

Business done.—ST. MICHAEL has a bad night with his Budget.

Tuesday night.—One of SARK'S aphorisms affirms that there are two things of which most men know nothing, and of which they talk much. One is pictures, the other wine. ST. MICHAEL, his back up with continuous bullying about his Budget, put the case in plainer, not to say more brutal, fashion. Arguing that, after all, protection is not unknown in Free Trade England, cited case of heavy tax levied on foreign wine without countervailing duties imposed on home productions.

House laughed loudly at this assumption of existence of a British vintage. ST. MICHAEL tartly retorted that, with the exception of experts, there is not a man in House who could distinguish between foreign and British wines. Saving clause about experts relieved remark from charge of downright rudeness. Every man, instinctively assuming himself to be the expert, looked with pity on his neighbour, about whom he felt ST. MICHAEL was probably right.

The reference conjures up pleasing prospect illuminating advertisement columns of our newspapers. "Encourage Home Industries"—"The British Flag and British Wine"—"Try our Hicks Hock"—"Beach Burgundy; Highly Recommended by the Faculty"—"Duc de Michael Champagne (Carte Noire) Bottled while you Wait."

Business done.—Budget Bill brought in.

Thursday evening.—CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES varied his achievements by adding new word to parliamentary language. Now established that you may, without reproof from Chair, allude to congeries of hon. Members as "dry bones." Whence it follows that you may call an individual Member a dry bone.

Came about in accidental way important precedents are frequently created. In debate on CARTWRIGHT case revolt broke forth below gangway on Ministerial side. CARTWRIGHT was editor of obscure Cape paper; enlivened its pages with publication of charge against KITCHENER of

issuing secret instructions that no quarter should be given to the Boers. CARTWRIGHT tried in Civil Court for libel; sentenced to year's imprisonment; having done his time, wanted to return to England, hoping to find professional engagement on the staff of some sympathetic home journal. Natural to suppose that authorities at Cape Town would presently call the watch together and thank heaven they were rid of Mr. CARTWRIGHT. On the contrary, did one of those fatally stupid things occasionally accomplished by overworked men. Refused permission, straightway transforming an obscure scribbler into a public martyr.

JOHN MORLEY to-night moves adjourn-



Rt. Hon. J. L-wth-r listening to W-nst-n Ch-reh-ll.

ment in order to discuss matter as one of urgent public importance. Riven ranks of Opposition joyously close up. Greater part of sitting wasted. This bad enough; worse followed when schism manifested in docile Ministerial ranks. The faithful can stand big blunders involving loss of a million or so of public money, whether in connection with live horses or dead meat. But these pettifoggish blunders, especially when they come in conflict with elementary Constitutional Law, too much for the most loyal-minded.

ARTHUR ELLIOT led off in a weighty speech, creditable to himself by its courage, honourable to the House by its lofty tone, rising high above the wrangle of party faction. A wholesome whiff of ancient Whig way of looking at things. In ominous succession came WINSTON CHURCHILL, fizzling with the fury of an outraged constitutionalist; PEMBERTON of Sunderland, hitherto unknown to parliamentary fame; the travelled MALCOLM,

with some sentences prettily turned at expense of esteemed pastors and masters; IVOR GUEST, by no means Welcome to PRINCE ARTHUR; and SEELY shouting "Charge" at the top of his voice, which is taller than himself, riding straight at Treasury Bench.

These are the dry bones whose stirring soothed the savage breast of the CAP'EN with thought that, after all, he has not lived in vain.

Business done.—What was practically a Vote of Censure on Government negated by majority of 77 in House of 441 Members. PRINCE ARTHUR makes retort courteous by threatening autumn session.

Friday night.—Odd how little ordinary course of things in House of Commons is understood of the people.

Reading *In the Fog* (HEINEMANN). Three capital stories of the *Sherlock Holmes* order which, in the matters of construction and of human interest, need not fear comparison with the work of that master of the craft. Won't spoil sport by hinting at their purport, advising the gentle reader to look them up for himself. Parliamentary people will find amusement as well as instruction in murder and robbery. Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's knowledge of House of Commons procedure is rather peculiar than extensive. His stories are told by a small company gathered at the Beefsteak Club. Thither, after the accustomed manner of statesman actively engaged in the House of Commons, comes for supper Sir ANDREW. If not actually the Leader of the House, he is a Cabinet Minister of high rank in charge of the Navy Increase Bill. One of the company is anxious to prevent the Bill passing. "If Sir ANDREW speaks for it, so great is his influence and so large his following, it will go through." The thing to do is to keep Sir ANDREW away from the House. He is a slave to the spell of what Mr. DAVIS calls "detective novels." Accordingly the conspirators fire off their blood-curdling stories, and keep the statesman entranced till a messenger brings the news that the House is up.

But it is the conspirators who are sold, not the statesman. The "plant" being triumphantly acknowledged, Sir ANDREW blandly explains that the Navy Bill was brought up for third reading at eight o'clock. He had spoken in its favour for three hours, and his only reason for wishing to return to the House was to sup on the Terrace "with my old friend Admiral SIMONS, for my work at the House was completed five hours ago, when the Navy Increase Bill was passed by an overwhelming majority."

The idea of a Cabinet Minister



A GOLF TOURNAMENT IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.

rising at eight o'clock to talk on any Bill is odd, since at that hour, being full dinner time, the benches are empty. No one, man or Minister, would speak for three hours on the third reading of a Bill, debate being thrashed out on earlier stages. Sir ANDREW's speech would bring the sitting up to eleven o'clock. Five hours added make four in the morning, a little late for thinking of going out to supper. Now, the House of Commons, save in exceptional circumstances not here alleged, adjourns at midnight. Never, even in a fog, did such thing happen as supping on the Terrace, with Admiral SIMONS or anybody else. Mr. DAVIS has evidently dragged in the Admiral with sly suggestion that this part of his story is told to the Marines.

Business done.—At work on Procedure Rules.

A BALLAD OF THE CONGO.

[The Aborigines Protection Society has recently addressed an Appeal to the British Government on the subject of the cruelties inflicted upon natives in the Congo Free State. These enormities are usually committed in order to stimulate native activity in bringing in ivory and rubber, but they have also taken place in the course of various "punitive expeditions." The exploits of such people as ex-Major LOTHIAN (who killed STOKES) and Colonel DHANIS (whose native levies not only defeated his enemies but ate them afterwards) rob these stories of any surface improbability.]

In the Congo State

If the life is pretty beastly
The rewards are great.

You've abundant occupation
While you teach their proper station
To the coloured population
Of the Congo State.

In the Congo State

Your passion for adventure
You can simply state!

There are elephants to shoot,
And native tribes to boot,
And there's interesting loot
In the Congo State.

In the Congo State

You may not amass a fortune,
But at any rate

You can make a decent sum
Buying ivory and gum.
The current coin is Rum
In the Congo State.

In the Congo State.

If you want to fill your pockets
At a rapid rate,
You must flog the native lubber
Till you make him fairly blubber,
Then he'll bring you lots of rubber
In the Congo State!

Of the Congo State

There are several shocking stories



Squire (showing lady guest round estate). "YES, I HAD THAT PUT UP IN LARGE TYPE, SO THAT 'HE WHO RUNS MAY READ!'"
Lady. "OR, RATHER, HE WHO READS MAY RUN, I SUPPOSE?"

Which I won't relate.

For the Belgian mode of dealing
With the negro (hear him squealing!)
Is, to say the least, unfeeling,
In the Congo State.

In the Congo State

The native you object to
Can't avoid his fate;
You immediately attack him,
If he runs away you track him,
And when he's caught you whack
him,
In the Congo State.

In the Congo State

If there should be a black man
Whom you really hate,
You merely pull a trigger
And over goes the nigger.
That's administrative vigour
In the Congo State!

In the Congo State

The accommodating negro
And his dusky mate,
If you know the way to treat him,
Will fight your foe and beat him,
And subsequently eat him,
In the Congo State.

From the Congo State

The egregious Baron DHANIS
Has returned of late.
But the methods of the Colonel
Were rather too infernal
To be printed in this journal,
I regret to state.

MORE NEPOTISM.—Not content with the repeated charges brought against him under this head, the LORD CHANCELLOR has now actually presented his daughter, in marriage, to a GIFFARD.

ACTORS AT BOW STREET.

III.

ROSABACCA, described as the off-leader in the winning chariot at *Ben-Hur*, and therefore the principal actor, was, at the instigation of the Jockey Club, charged with boring at Drury Lane.

Mr. JAMES LOWTHER, on behalf of the Jockey Club, said he had visited Drury Lane. Certainly the horse bored. Cross-examined, he admitted that everyone else in the play did so too.

Mr. ARTHUR COVENTRY supported the last witness. Never in his experience had he seen a more flagrant case of boring.

M. CHIFNEY, of the Calmady Stables, denied that the horse bored. Cross-examined, he allowed that his judgment was perhaps impaired by the hectic and sensational environment in which he had lived at Brockhurst.

General LEW WALLACE, the author of the book from which the play *Ben-Hur* had been adapted, stated that it was never his intention that a horse should be looked upon as the principal character. He could not, however, be held responsible for the vagaries of playgoers' taste. When the book left his hands, many years ago, it was a religious romance. On cross-examination, he confessed that the principle of "cutting the cackle and coming to the 'osses" was a good one. A play had better go to the 'osses than the dogs. (*Applause in Court.*)

Messrs. K LAW and BEN-HURLANGER, who present the play, and who were sworn together, speaking in strong nasal unison, denied that the horse bored, but if he did it was because he was a pro-bore and couldn't help it.

At this point the jury stampeded from the loose box, and on their return the foreman stated that they could not agree, six being yea and six neigh. ROSABACCA was therefore hurried back to Drury Lane in time for the *matinée*, without a stain on his character.

Miss LOFTUS was charged with unwarrantably expanding her Christian name from Cissy to CECILIA, and thus playing the part of *Margaret* in *Faust* at the Lyceum under a misleading alias.

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, on behalf of the prosecution, stated that St. Cecilia had invented the organ, but to the best of his belief had nothing to do with the stage. He admitted in cross-examination that she was alleged to have been thrown into a boiling bath.

Miss LETTY LIND stated that if she were to appear as Miss LETITIA LIND she would not be answerable for the consequences.

BEN-HUR, an imposing Oriental from Drury Lane, contended that under no



ALTRUISM.

Maud (newly married). "YOU LOOK VERY MELANCHOLY, GEORGE; ARE YOU SORRY YOU MARRIED ME?"

George. "NO DEAR—OF COURSE NOT. I WAS ONLY THINKING OF ALL THE NICE GIRLS I CAN'T MARRY."

Maud. "OH, GEORGE, HOW HORRID OF YOU! I THOUGHT YOU CARED FOR NOBODY BUT ME?"

George. "NO MORE I DO. I WASN'T THINKING OF MYSELF, BUT OF THE DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THEM."

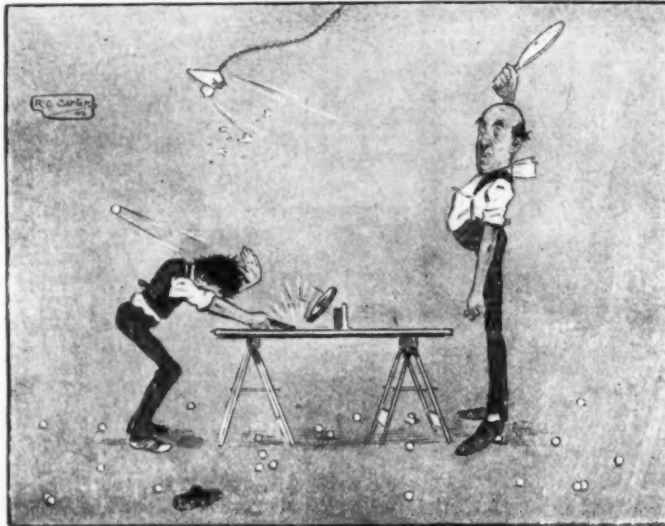
circumstances was a public character justified in tampering with his name. Imagine the disastrous effect if the Secretary for the Colonies were to describe himself as Mr. JOSEPHUS CHAMBERLAIN, or if he himself were to appear as BENJAMIN HUR!

The prisoner, who conducted her own defence, stated that, in resigning the labours, she might say the Sisyphæan labours (*sensation*), of the variety stage for legitimate drama, she had been influenced by the warning extensively circulated in connection with the Tobacco War—"Beware of imitations." It was true that the version of *Faust*

she intended to appear in was WILLIS's, not OGDEN's.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN and Mademoiselle YVETTE GUILBERT having expressed their cordial approval of Miss LOFTUS's withdrawal from the satirical walks of the music-halls, the magistrates condoned her offence, but stated that, in the interests of the gaiety of the nation, they hoped that Miss CECILIA LOFTUS would occasionally imitate the admirable Cissy.

GEORGE ALEXANDER, 44, lessee of the St. James's Theatre, was summoned on the instigation of the Hon. BARING RAYNE, of Hurlingham, for defrauding him of half-a-guinea. It seems that



FINIS CORONAT OPUS!

FANCY PING-PONG SKETCH—THE 'SMASH' OR KNOCK-OUT STROKE.

the prosecutor visited the St. James's Theatre, partly on the recommendation of Mr. Punch, to see what he believed to be a sporting drama under the title of *Polo and Frank Chester*. On discovering his unhappy mistake he demanded the return of his money, and, this being refused, he had caused the present action to be brought.

Various experts were called by the prosecution to prove that the play *Paola and Francesca* might be better worth half-a-guinea.

Mr. CLYDE FLITCH, of Dunmow, the author of *Sapho*, who gave his evidence in American, said that he might not be as great as BACON, but he would have treated the subject very differently. What it wanted was some first-class transatlantic adaptation.

Captain BASIL HOOD, author of *Merrie Germanie*, said that the real need was a good patter song for the tyrant of Rimini (which had been rhymed before, and might be rhymed again, to niminy piminy). Also more comic relief and a dance or so.

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS, whose glossy raven mane streamed down his shoulders, stated that the title was bad. What did English people care about *Paolo and Francesca*? "On the Rimini Razzle-Dazzle," would do better, or "The Italian Warehouse Lights."

Messrs. Klaw and Ben-Hurlanger, of Drury Lane, said that in their opinion there was in the play a distinct vacancy for horseflesh. A chariot race between *Paolo* and his brother might just turn the scale.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS said that the chief objection to his mind was the absence of a good part of the EDMUND

PAYNE type. The actors were all too tall and too serious. Also he agreed with Mr. SIMS on the question of the

title, preferring something of the "All on account of Francesca" style.

Mr. JOHN LANE, publisher, called for the defence, said that *Paolo and Francesca* could not be better. He produced a pamphlet ornamented by a portrait of the author to prove the statement.

The Bench decided to postpone sentence until they had seen the play, and Mr. ALEXANDER, supported by Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, left the court trembling.

How TO INSURE DRAMATIC SUCCESS.—The Coronation Service, says the *St. James's Gazette*, "has been cut down to an hour and a-half, while the sermon will be limited to a brief five minutes." We fancy that not a few will "werry much applaud" what His Most Gracious Majesty "has done," and will, with our "immortal WILLIAMS," exclaim, "For this relief much thanks!" No "waits"; the interest sustained from first to last, and the principal actors in the magnificent spectacle on the stage the whole time! Bravo! "Sermon limited to five minutes!" *Pauca verba!* The preacher will only have to quote "Bid me discourse," watch in hand, and say no more about it. *Vive le Roi!*



THE BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.

Owner (to Old John, who has returned to the stables minus the dog-cart). "CONFOUND IT! NOW I'LL BET A GUINEA YOU'VE BEEN THROWING HER DOWN AND SMASHING HER KNEES!" Old John. "THEN I HAIN'T. IT'S JUST HER WHAT'S BEEN A-TROWIN' DOWN ME AND THE CART, AND SMASHIN' O' ME!"